

THE ORACLE

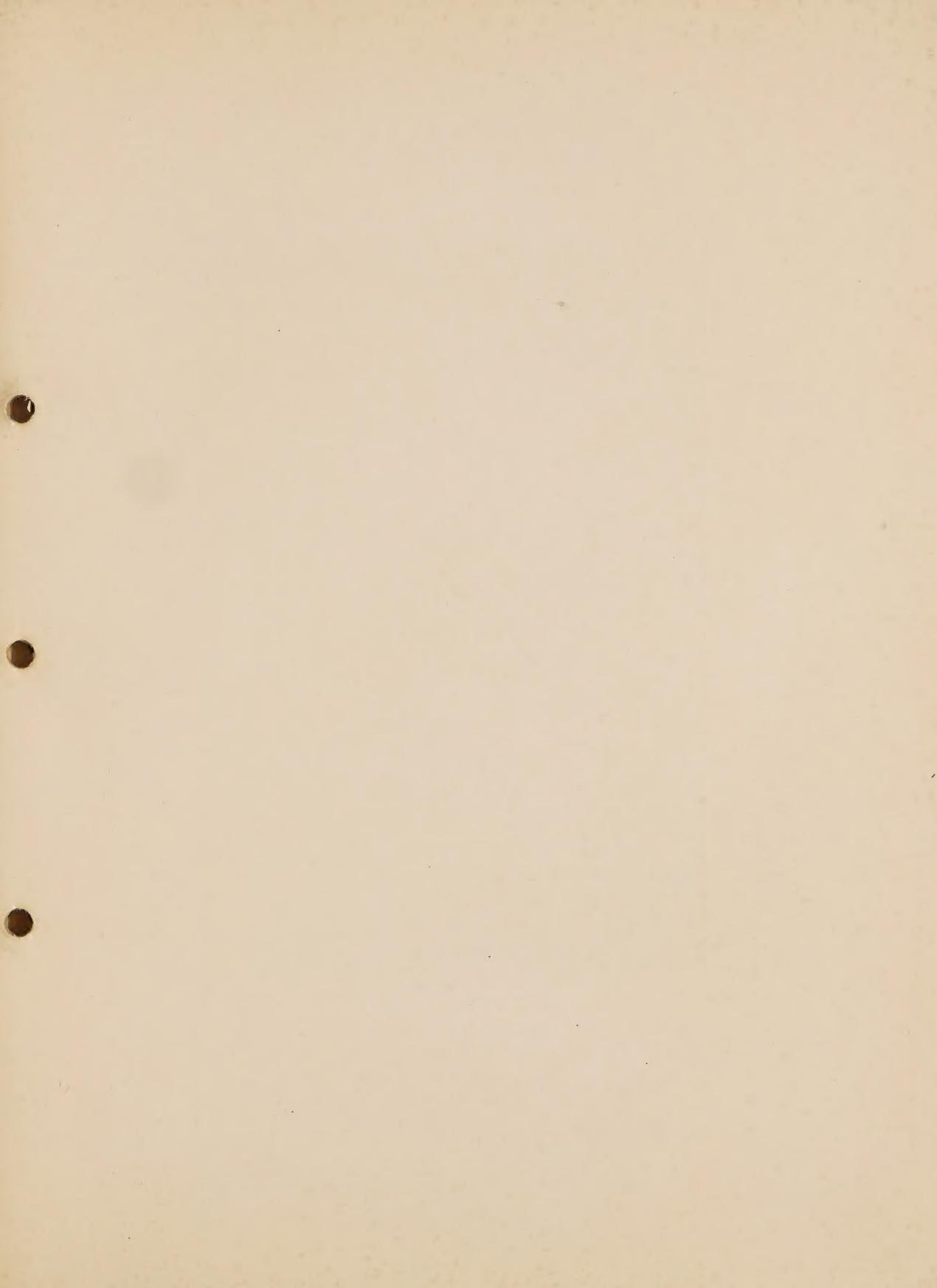


YEAR BOOK

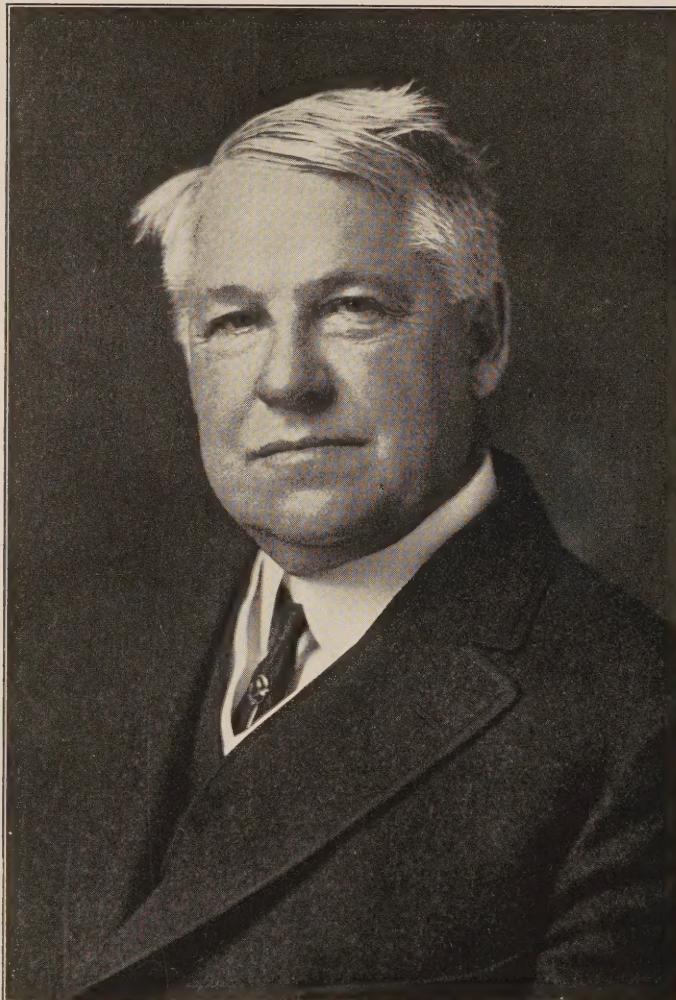
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HENRY M. MAXSON



THE ORACLE



"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

YEAR BOOK OF THE CLASS OF 1917

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JUNE, 1917.

No. 9.

As our four years of happy High School life come to a close, we wish to give some tribute to one of our many friends, who has been prominent in making our school life so worth-while and happy. This year it is especially fitting for us to honor Dr. Maxson, for it marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of his supervision of our Public Schools. For twenty-five years he has inspired and helped the school children of Plainfield by his high ideals and noble manhood, and we know that his interest and friendship will follow us even when we pass beyond his personal influence. So it is with sincerest gratitude that we, the Class of 1917, dedicate our Senior Oracle to our "friend of friends," Dr. Maxson. Deep impressions always linger, and the memory of him will not end with our High School days.

Salutatory Address

Fannie Mann



It seems an unnecessary formality to bid you all welcome here this evening; but this Commencement season is the only time in which we have an opportunity, as a class, to greet friends and to express our gratitude for their interest and support. We are especially glad tonight to give our friend, Dr. Maxson, our earnest congratulations upon the completion of his twenty-five years of unselfish service to our school, and to express our heartfelt thanks for his warm friendship and inspiration. By your words and example, Dr. Maxson, you have

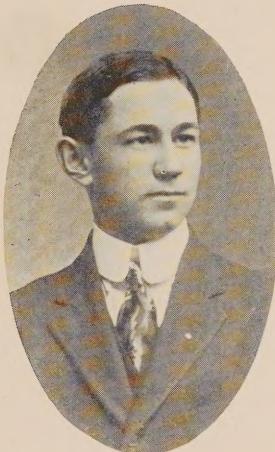
taught us lessons that will never leave us. May we always strive to be "optimists" and "road-menders!" and to fulfil the ideals you have set before us.

We would also include in our greeting and gratitude the gentlemen of the Board of Education, who have supported our superintendent so loyally; our principal, who has been our sincere friend and adviser, our guest, who is to speak to us this evening, and all our friends of Plainfield. "At first and last a hearty welcome."

Long ago, in the palaces of ancient Greece, or in the castles of the Mediaeval Saxons, when friends gathered together for pleasure and inspiration, they called upon one of their number to entertain them with a story. And through their bard, they learned of the past, handed down the stories of their heroes, and drew lessons for the future. This evening I am going to tell you a story, a legend of a far-away land, a land where battles have been raging, where the armies of the Great War, shifting back and forth, have laid waste the beauty of the quiet country, and brought terror and death to the innocent folk. The thought of this legend has come down to me from one who lived in this far country, where for many years it has been told by father to son.

Valedictory Address

Percy M. Stelle



Classmates: For the four years of our High School Course we have worked and played together. We have prepared ourselves to go out into life, to take our places as citizens, and to work with and for the community. As we part tonight, may we take with us those ideals which have been held up before us during our school life; may each one of us do his part in the life of the city; may we all stand by our country now in her hour of need, and when this cruel war is over, may we be ready to be citizens of the "new civilization."

Mein Vaterland

(As told by Adele Patton, Winner of the First Babcock Prize)

Reader, if the thought of Germany is to you as a red rag to a bull, if you grow rabid at the name of Wilhelm, and think that each lamp post upon our street corners would be beautified by a Teutonic Adornment, pause! This story is not for you. For we do not attempt to conceal it—our hero is not only round and unmistakably Teutonic in build, but rejoices in the name of Heinrich. Moreover, he has been brought up from childhood on sauerkraut and the "Vaterland," and to him the Kaiser is as Zeus to the Greeks or Ty Cobb to a member of the back lot nine.

Yet behold him as he stands upon the doorstep of his little delicatessen shop, his round face lit up with childish enjoyment as he watches the evening struggle between package-laden commuters and ever-active paper boys. Stout as he undoubtedly is, Dutch as he looks, is there anything terrible about him? No "Gott strafe's" ever issue from between those mild, pink lips, nor is there anything more bomb-like than a big red cheese concealed within the little shop. Why, then, should we fear? Let us even follow him inside and beard the wild Hun in his den.

Within a voice out of the darkness asks in guttural German, "Hast thou the paper, my son?"

The gas light flares up in the close little room with its atmosphere of comfort and onions.

"It is here, mein mutter. But why dost thou sit in the dark; the gas does not cost so much. We make good money this month, and who knows, in a year—perhaps two—we go back to the "Vaterland," and thou wilt see again thine old home and friends in Berlin. That will be good, Er, Liebe mutter?"

The eyes of the tired little woman by the stove brightened for the first time since that day when her oldest and best-loved son had died a sacrifice to the "Vaterland." She had not grown bitter against her country or grudged it her second son Rudolph; only set her lips tight, and gone on her daily way, never mentioning the name of the dead and leaning more and more on Heinrich, her youngest and American-born son.

"Oh, Heinie, my son, I am now so old; if I could go home to the "Vaterland" and to my own people. It is there we belong, not here among strangers. And to think that thou hast never seen the land of thy fathers! Oh, I long to leave this land, this America, and go home."

"But, meine mutter, this America she is a good land; she is peaceful, and she makes room for all peoples."

"Ja, Ja, she is good, but she is not the "Vaterland." But there is thy

father. Run, child, and let him in. I go to bring the supper," and she hobbled off on her tired feet.

"Heinie has a letter from Minna today," she remarked when they were all seated round the red table cloth. "He is happy tonight." Heinie devoted himself to his wienerwurst, and his bulbous ears grew red. The father chuckled, "Rudie should hear that."

"Ja, Rudie laught always at Heinie. Such a boy he is, Rudie! How he looks at you with his great eyes! Dost thou remember, Hans, how he was always marching, marching, marching, and now he is a fine, big soldier? But someone rings! Run quickly, Heinie!"

"It is a letter, meine mutter!"

"Das liebe Gott! Give it to me quickly. It is perhaps news of Rudie!"

She was tearing at the envelope with her clumsy, toil-worn fingers. Heinie waited, swallowing a great lump in his throat, while her near-sighted eyes traveled slowly down the paper. Mechanically she turned a page, and then raised a gray, lifeless mask, the skin of the cheeks drawn tight around its staring eyes. Heinie looked at the papers. They were blackened, and he saw a ragged hole through them and brown stains on the inside ones. Suddenly her hands went up. "Oh, my Rudie, my tall, my strong, my boy, he's dead, he's gone, oh, Rudie, my son! my son! my son!"

Through that night Heinie lay awake in the next room and always that hoarse moaning. Toward dawn his father came out of the room with haggard face.

"We will go back to the Vaterland tomorrow, my son. You will buy the tickets and make all ready." He went back, closing the door softly behind him. Heinie lay awake. Outside, the paper boys were calling shrilly: "Extry! Extry! Another American ship sunk! Congress calls special session! Extry! Extry!" He listened dully. Tomorrow he would be on the big German liner bound for the fatherland, of which he had been told ever since he was old enough to understand the word. Ten days from tomorrow he would stand on German soil, he would see his mother's home, his brothers' graves—the Kaiser! Yes, he would see the Kaiser, but he would not see his little shop dear to him through years of work, or hear the cheery greeting of the young policeman on the corner:

"Morning', Dutch!"

He would not see again America, "the land that makes room for all peoples." Well, it is growing light; he must get his tired bones out of bed and see about those tickets.

That afternoon, the three stood on the deck of one of the foreign-bound steamers. In one night the hands of the little mother had lost all their well-known knobby redness, and looked curiously fragile and unreal as they clung to the big father's arm. Heinie stood beside her, his round, red face aged twenty years. Around them the blue water sparkled as if

there were no sorrow in the world. The little tugs puffed and panted up the bay, and a faint hum came from the giant shapes looming towards the sun. All around them the work was going on, work to accomplish, to achieve, to make things better, work side by side of all people and all races, towards one common end. Suddenly Heinie knew what he had not dared to put in words the night before. He could not go. He could not leave it all. His place was here, here among the people of his birth. Suddenly his words rushed out.

"Meine mutter, mein vater, I cannot go. Even for you and Minna I cannot go. All my life I have lived here, and America she is my country. I would fight for her, I would give my life for her. She is my country; I cannot leave her."

The father looked at him bewilderedly.

"Gott in Himmel, art thou mad?"

"Mein vater I am not mad; I have known sice last night that America is my country. I cannot go." His tone carried unquestionable conviction. The parents glanced at each other in sudden anxiety, and the mother laid a trembling hand upon his arm—

"See, Heinie, I have lost two sons; but even that is not so hard to bear as that my youngest should be a traitor to the Vaterland. For the sake of your dead brothers, I ask you to come; for the sake of Rudolph and Gottlieb." The long-unmentioned name of the dead was as startling as a sacrilege.

"Meine mutter, I cannot." Frank tears were dimming his gold-rimmed spectacles. He stumbled down the gangway and waved his handkerchief from the dock. No answering wave met him. He was cut off from the ship by a gulf deeper than the deepest part of the ocean that would soon lie between.

As he stood on the dock, the world reeling beneath his feet, he became conscious that the newsboys were shouting with unusual animation in their hoarse voices. With an effort he drew his mind back from the vanishing ship and listened.

"Extry! Extry! Congress declares war with Germany at last!"

The world slowly righted itself. Heinie knew at last that he was right; that though he had lost parents, love, all that had made his life, he had gained a country, a country that was his to love, serve and defend for ever. With his eyes on the beautiful harbor that he loved, he murmured from the depths of a loyal heart, "Mein Vaterland."

Just A Dog

(As told by Harry Stevens, Winner of the First Marsh Prize.)

How Laddie got there, Larry, the little Cockney, never knew, but when the regiment got off the troop train to start off on its long march to the front, a thin, gaunt little mongrel came sidling up to Larry, its small piece of tail wagging for all it was worth.

"Hi say," said Larry, to one of his companions, "this 'ere bloomin' little blighter was tied fast to 'is kennel when hi left, now look at 'im hup 'ere. "You young rat," to the dog, "'Ow did you get 'ere anyhow?" The dog just wagged its tail and jumped at Larry's face. After Larry had made the dog understand that he did not want his face washed, he opened his tin of bully-beef and gave some to the half-starved dog.

Then the order to get ready was passed along, and soon the long column of soldiers was marching down the dusty road, a cloud of dust hanging over them.

After hours of tedious marching with Lad, as Larry called him, plodding along beside him, they could, now and then, hear the far-off rumble of the big guns as they sent their missiles of death and destruction into the opposing line. Then they began to meet remnants of regiments marching back from the front, some with faces haggard and worn, and others with bandages wrapped around them, as Larry said, to keep them together. From these they got the news of the battle in which they were soon to take part. Both sides had incurred heavy losses, but neither had the advantage. At dusk they finally reached a place where, at command, the line was halted and the men were passed out their small amount of rations, which Larry divided with his dog. After conversing by their fires awhile, the tired men unrolled their blankets, and one after another dropped off to sleep with the rumble of guns in their ears. Larry was no exception to this rule, for with Lad tucked in beside him in his roomy blanket, he soon showed that a little Cockney can snore just as loud as anyone.

At the first streak of dawn the bugles awoke the men, and, after a light breakfast, they were soon in marching order. As they tramped along the sound of the guns crept nearer and nearer until the sharp rattle of machine guns could be heard. Then they heard the scream of a spent shell as it passed over their heads, and they knew they were getting near their destination.

Laddie, though a mongrel, was not a coward. He had been known to make dogs twice his size go whimpering away from him with their tails between their legs, and though he did not like the sound of the guns very well, he still plodded on beside his master.

They soon reached a place where, to get to the first line trenches in comparative safety, they would have to go through the branch trenches which led to it. Officers were standing on each side of the entrance, and Larry knew if they saw his dog they would not let him pass. So he picked him up, and stuffing him in his large overcoat, slung it under his arm. He admonished the dog to "shut up," and so got past the officers safely. As soon as they were out of sight of them he let Lad down. After following the twistings and turnings of the trenches, they finally reached the first line trench, where the men they were relieving crowded by them on the way out. How relieved the poor fellows did look, after being under such a strain.

I will not describe the long, tedious hours that passed, how the men of both sides kept up a continual rain of machine gun and rifle bullets, with the artillery backing up. About five o'clock word was passed along that they would soon advance on the enemy. One hundred and seventy-five yards of practically bare ground to go over before the enemy's trenches were to be reached! Covered with craters made by large shells, it would be difficult to advance. That certainly was facing death; but not a man murmured. Larry had just time enough to take a piece of heavy twine out of his pocket and tie one end around Lad's neck and the other around a stone before the order to advance was given. With a yell the men climbed out, firing as they ran. Man after man dropped, riddled by the deadly machine-gun bullets, but still they kept on. Finally the commanding officer saw that if they kept on, his now rapidly diminishing force would be totally annihilated, so he ordered the retreat. The disheartened regiment, or what was left of it, soon were under cover of their own trench. In the excitement nobody noticed a small dog, with a chewed piece of cord hanging to his neck, go the rounds of the men, smelling at their leggings or looking wistfully up into their faces.

As soon as it grew dusk the Red Cross men, bearing stretchers, carried all the wounded men in from the field between the trenches. They thought they had gotten all the wounded, but they had forgotten to look into a small bunch of shrubbery, although they had passed near it quite often. But there was one who hadn't forgotten. He had followed the stretcher bearers, going from man to man, sniffing at each, and passing on. Finally, Laddie, for that was who it was, reached the shrubbery, and upon struggling

through, found his master lying pale and still. The dog knew something must be the matter, so sitting down near Larry's head he sarted to lick his face. This awakened Larry from unconsciousness, and looking up at Lad, he just managed to pat his head. Then an idea came to him. Ages ago, it seemed to him now, he had taught Lad to fetch and carry, so, taking up his hat, which lay on the ground near by, he held it up near the dog and just barely whispering the word "carry," he lapsed back into unconsciousness. The dog, taking the hat between his teeth, turned and ran. Just then a rocket rose in a graceful arc from the German trench, shedding a bright blue light over the field. Four shots rang out and Laddie faltered in his steady lope, but still kept on. Limping along he finally reached the trench. Then he made such a disturbance, by leaping and barking at the men, that they finally caught hold of him, and took the hat out of his mouth. "Why, it's Larry's, that little Cockney," exclaimed one of the men. At this Lad, though quite weak, caught hold of the man's trousers and tugged at them. He finally made the soldier understand that he wanted him to follow, so, getting two other men, he pursued the limping dog out into No-man's-land. The dog's footsteps dragged slower and slower, but he kept bravely on until he finally reached the shrubbery. There the men found Larry, both legs riddled with bullets, and tenderly picking up the unconscious man, they carried him back to the trench. From there he and Laddie were carried to a field hospital.

By this time the men had heard of Laddie's bravery, and though he was wounded in the leg it did not hinder him from eating the choice tidbits offered him.

After getting back some of his strength, Larry was sent back home on furlough, taking his dog with him. Larry was very proud of his dog, but he was not the only proud one, for Laddie, now the mascot of the regiment, strutted proudly around the town, wearing a bright new collar, with a silver medallion pending from it. On it is just these two words, "For Valor."

This story is made up by myself and is absolutely my own ideas.

Some time ago I read a very short account of what the Red Cross dogs have done in the war.

I myself have trained a dog to carry.

Class Poem

We're here for the last time, hand to hand,
As our school-life draws to a close,
And we pledge new fellowship, while we stand
To the friend that our youthhood knows.

Side by side we have worked and played,
And the fast-fleeting years depart;
We fought the fight, and were undismayed
To the last of the race, from the start.

A surer hand and a steadier eye,
And strength to play fairly the game—
These are our gifts we've gained for the try,
In winning or losing, the same.

There's a shadow that clouds our pleasure
And chills the warmth of the day;
Our joy has been full to the measure,
Yet the heart's smile fades away.

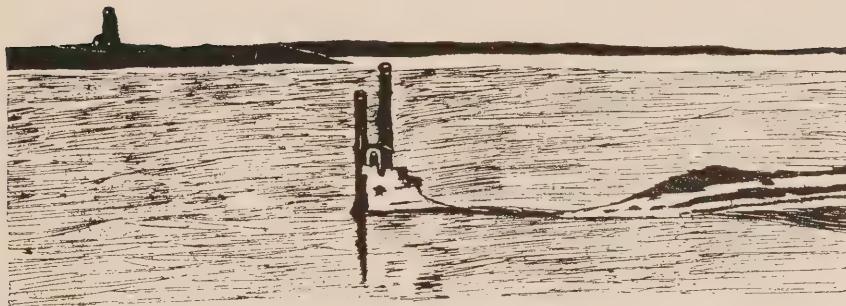
For soon we go, and the hours fly fast,
Sweet memories cling to the walls;
Songs we remember so well float past,
Dim-echoing down the halls.

But ever thy hand shall guide our feet,
In the thick of the greater fight,
Till in the last assembly we meet
In the gleam of eternal light.

And so good-bye, for the time has come.
May those that follow, true,
Play up, and conquer as we have done;
Farewell, dear old school, to you.

BURNHAM CARTER.

SEEN THROUGH THE PERISCOPE



CHESTER ALPAUGH.

"Pete"

"I don't mind being a guy if I'm
comfortable"

Classical; Cornell; Football, '15, '16; Basketball, '17; Class Basketball, '14, '15, '16; B. A. A. Board, '16, '17; B. A. A. Minstrels, '14, '17; Class Day Committee—Class President, '14, '15; P. H. S. Cadet Co., '17.



FLORENCE ALPAUGH

"Florence"

"To be alone is something unpleasant"

General; Home; Glee Club, '14, '15, '16; Class Basketball, '15, '16; Winner Girls' Tennis Tournament, '16; P. H. S. Basketball, '16, '17; Vice-President Alpha.



DOROTHY AUGENBLICK "Dotty"

"Can we not do without the society of
our gossips a little while?"

Commercial; Business; Alpha.



JUAN BABCOCK "Bab," "Fat"

"A grand old gardener"

Scientific; P. G.; Cornell; Class Basketball,
'14; Glee Club, '15; Electrician, '14, '15, '16,
'17; Assistant Business Manager Oracle, '17;
Business Manager Oracle, '18; Sergeant P.
H. S. Cadet Corps.



ADELAIDE BANKS "Adelaide"

"A country life is sweet."

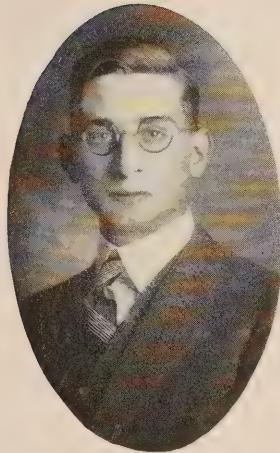
General; Newark Normal School; Alpha.

MINNIE B. BANTLE

"Chuck"

"All things, good and bad, go by me
like a torrent"

Commercial; Business; Commercial Club, '16,
'17; N. J. State Shorthand Contest, '17;
Alpha.



CLINTON S. BERRIEN

"Clint"

"Then a soldier, full of strange oaths"

Scientific; Missouri School of Mines; Football,
'12, '13, '14, '15, '16; Minstrel Show Stage
Manager, '13, '14; Glee Club, '12; Captain
P. H. S. Cadet Company '17; Alpha.



MARY M. BICKNELL

"Mary"

"What is Love?"

Commercial; Private Secretary; Commercial
Department Librarian; Secretary Alpha; Re-
cording Secretary Commercial Club; Glee
Club, '15, '16; Commercial Club, '15, '16, '17.



ELMER A. BRANDT

"Ax"

"Of my merit you yourself may judge"

Commercial; Business; P. H. S. Baseball, '17;
Class Basketball, '17; Alpha.

ADELE BRICK

"Dell"

"Her bringing up had been good"

General Course; Newark Normal School;
Alpha; Christmas Committee.

ALICE I. BROWN

"Arliss"

"A person of mystery"

Classical; Howard University; Alpha.

GRACE MARIAN BROWN

"To think, was to Grace a waste of time"

General Course; Montclair Normal School; Glee Club, '15; Omega; Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '15.



HORACE E. BUNKER, Jr. "Bunk"

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look"

Commercial; Business; First Prize Sten. I, '14; Minstrel Show, '15; Shakespeare Celebration, '16; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '17; Manager of Council Moving Picture Show, '17; Chairman Thanksgiving Exercises, '16; Leader Alpha Debating Team; Leader P. H. S. Debating Team; Leader Triangle League; Chapel Usher, '16, '17; Mgr. obtaining new flag for school; Chairman Freshman Reception Committee; Alpha Literary Society; Commercial Club; Senior President.



DOROTHY S. BUTLER

"Dot"

"She was a lady at heart"

General; Undecided; P. H. S. Basketball, '15-'16, '16-'17; Class Basketball, '14-'15, '15-'16, '16-'17; Alpha.



EVA BUTT

"Eva"

"I have a name, a little name"
Commercial; Business; Alpha.



BURNHAM CARTER

"Woman is his only failing"

Classical; Princeton; Second Prize Cicero, '16;
Minstrel Show, '16; Tennis Team, '16, '17;
Manager, '17; Tennis Championship, '16;
Class Basketball, '17; Ring Committee;
Triangle Debating Team, '17; President
Alpha; Junior Play; Senior Play; Oracle
Contributors' Club; Third Place Union
County Essay Contest, '17; Senior Oracle;
Cadet Corps, Princeton Essay Prize, '17.



ELEANOR M. CASE

"Eleanor"

"Putting the perseverance of the saints
to the blush"

Classical; Smith; Class Day Committee; Vice-
President, Alpha.

EVERETT N. CASE

"Ev," "Casey"

"Oh! what may man within him hide,
Tho' angel on the outward side."

Classical; Princeton; Second Prize Caesar, '15; Second Prize N. J. Song Contest; Class President, '16; Chairman, Senior Christmas Committee; Class Basketball, '14, '15, '16, '17; Manager P. H. S. Basketball, '16, '17; Cheer Leader, '16, '17; Junior Play; End Man P. H. S. Minstrel Show, '16; Exchange Editor Oracle, '15, '16; Literary Editor Oracle, '16, '17; P. H. S. Tennis Team, '15; '16, '17; Captain, '17; P. H. S. Cadet Corps; Industrial Army, '17; Princeton Essay Prize, '17.



JULIET R. CHAMBERLAIN

"Toodles," "Julie"

"I am more susceptible to manners than to anything else in the world"

General; Boarding School; Glee Club, '15; Public Works Committee, '16; Junior-Senior Feed Committee, '15; Chairman Senior Pin and Ring Committee; Oracle Contributors' Club, '17; Alpha.

MILDRED M. CLARK

"Mid"

"A bright golden kind . . . and remarkably deep"

General; Undecided; Glee Club, '15, '17; Vice-President Junior Class; Gym Pageant, '16; Leaders' Pin Committee, '17; Oracle Contributors' Club, '17; Senior Play Committee; Senior Oracle Board; Alpha.





ROSE H. CLARK

"Kewpie"

"Let us begin by putting aside all facts;
They do not touch the question."

General; Undecided; Glee Club, '15, '16;
Christmas Decorating Committee, '16;
Alpha.



HAZEL A. CODDINGTON

"Haazle"

"What's this dull town to me?"

Scientific; Simons; Public Works Committee,
'15; Glee Club, '16, '17; Secretary Senior
Class; Class Day Committee, '17; Alpha.



EMILIE H. WHITE

"Em," "Shrimp"

"Beauty and wit are all that I can find"
General; Swarthmore; Property Manager
Scenes from Shakespeare, '16; Swimming
Team, '16; Vice-President Senior Class; Senior
Play; Manager Swimming Team, '17;
Class Day Committee.

JOSEPH F. CORBIN

"José"

"A more simple and natural man it would be hard to find"

Commercial; Business; Assistant Business Manager Oracle, '15-'16; Commercial Club; Alpha.



SHELDON COUDRAY

"Shelley"

"Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow"

Scientific; Lafayette; Assistant Manager Junior Play; Senior Rush Committee; B. A. A. Minstrels, '14, '15; Usher, '15, '16, '17; Class Baseball, '14, '15; Class Basketball '14, '15; Captain, '15; P. H. S. Baseball, '15, '16, '17; P. H. S. Basketball, '15, '16, '17



DEWITT SWACKHAMER

"Swack"

"I feel good today; I think I will go out and shoot something"

Scientific; Undecided; Class Basketball, '14; Electrician, '14, '15, '16, '17; Basketball, '15, '16, '17; Business Manager Oracle, '16-'17; Class Secretary-Treasurer, '15-'16; President Omega; Cadet Corps, '17; Glee Club, '15-'16; Business Manager Senior Play; P. H. S. Industrial Army, '17.



MARY A. COULTER

"May"

"Gazing with a timid glance"

General; Montclair Normal; Alpha.



MURIEL J. COURSER

"Puss"

"A ministering angel thou"

General; Plainfield Hospital; Scenes from
Shakespeare, '16; Oracle Contributors'
Club, '17.

EDWARD A. CRONE

"Ted," "Eddie"

"I know the disposition of woman"

Classical; University of Pennsylvania; Oracle
Reporter, '15; Minstrel Show, '13, '14; Min-
strel Show End Man, '15, '16; Manager
Football Team, '15, '16; Scenes from
Shakespeare, '16; Class Basketball, '16; Jun-
ior Play; Senior Play; Manager Colgate
Glee Club Concert, '17; P. H. S. Glee Club,
'17; Basketball, '16, '17; Business Manager
Senior Oracle, '17; Alpha.

ELsie CULLINAN

"O, happiness, our being's end to aim"
 Commercial Undecided Class Basketball, '13;
 Glee Club, '14, '15; President Commercial
 Club, '17; Honorable Mention Typewriting,
 '15; Alpha.



JOHN DETWEILER

"Jack"
 "A bold, bad man"
 Scientific; Cornell; Alpha; P. H. S. Track
 Team, '17; P. H. S. Relay Team, '17;
 Moving Picture Committee; Class Basket-
 ball, '17; Motor Unit; Hopewell Farm Con-
 tingent.

CARYL C. DUNAVAN

"Caryl"
 "Though short my stature, yet my name
 extends
 To Heaven itself and earth's remotest ends."
 Classical-Scientific; P. G.; College; Public
 Works Committee, '15-'16; Junior Play;
 Scenes from Shakespeare, '16; Triangle De-
 bating Team, '16, '17; W. C. T. U. Essay
 Prize, School, County, State; Second Prize,
 Alumni Prize-Speaking Contest, '16; Presi-
 dent Alpha Society; Christmas Committee,
 '16; Alpha Debating Team, '17; P. H. S.
 Debating Team, '17; Third Prize Colgate
 Extemporaneous Speaking Contest, '17; As-
 sistant Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '16-'17; Sen-
 ior Play; Industrial Army, '17.





KATHERINE J. ENDRESS "Kat," "Crazy"
"I love a good time"

General; Undecided; Vice-President, '15;
Christmas Committee, '15, '16, '17; Junior
Feed Committee, '15; Alpha.



BENJAMIN FELDMAN

"Ben"

"Anon. I pray you, remember the porter."
Scientific; Business; B. A. A. Minstrels, '16;
Senior Play; Alpha; P. H. S. Cadet Corps.



AUGUST FRANKE

"Peroxide"

"Heaven forbid that I should advise
anyone to be a musician"

Scientific; College; Class Basketball, '14; P. H.
S. Track, '15, '16, '17; Captain Class Track,
'16; Minstrel Show, '14, '15, '16; Glee Club,
'15; Alpha.

ANNA C. FREEDMAN

"Her memory runs back further than
mythology"

Commercial; Business; Glee Club; Commercial
Club.

"Ann"



RUTH FULLER

"Boots"

"And still she smiled and talked"

Classical; Montclair Normal; Glee Club, '15, '17; G. D. D. Play, '15; Gym Pageant, '16; Junior Play Committee; Senior Play Committee; Deutsche Verein; Class Swimming Team, '15, '16, '17; P. H. S. Swimming Team, '16, '17; Alpha.

PAUL GEARY

"Paul"

"To him Shakespeare was a great writer,
but what his writings were about he did
not know"

Classical; College; Football, '15, '16; Alpha.





MOSES GLASSER

"Mo," "Professor Fanayel"

"To know is one thing; to express our
knowledge is another"

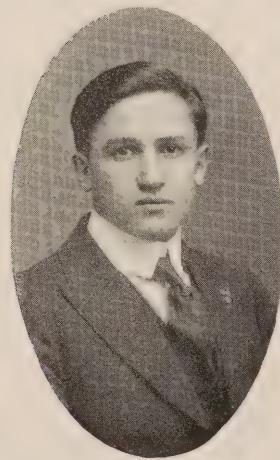
Classical; Harvard; First Prize Geometry, '16;
Honorable Mention Cicero, '16; Alpha De-
bating Team, '16.

LOIS F. GOETTER

"Lolly"

"What demon possessed me that I
behaved so well?"

General; Newark Normal School; Junior Play;
Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Alpha.



DAVID M. GOLDBERG "Dave," "Goldie"

"So much to do; so little done"

Commercial; New York University; Basket-
ball, '17; Minstrels, '14, '16; Alpha.

ELEANOR B. GREENE

"The time I am liable to be wrong is when
I know I'm absolutely right"

Commercial; Conservatory of Music; Com-
mercial Club, '14; Alpha.



KENNETH D. GUTTRIDGE "Ken"

"The soul that idleth will surely die"

Commercial; Business; Treasurer P. H. S.
Commercial Club, '16; Class Basketball, '15,
'16, '17; P. H. S. Baseball, '17; Minstrel
Show, '14, '15; Alpha.



CLARA B. HADLEY "Clazzy," "Billy"

"I speak in a monstrous little voice"

Classical-Scientific; Drake University; Glee
Club, '15, '16; Chairman Freshman Recep-
tion Games Committee, '17; Alpha.



LYDIA F. HAIGHT "Lidja," "Bonny"

"Every child has a right to enjoy its childhood"

Commercial; Business; Glee Club, '15; Class Basketball, '16, '17; Commercial Club, '17; Oracle Contributors' Club, '17; Alpha, '17.



FLORENCE G. HALL "Hully G," "Flo"

"I would fain fancy myself one of the elect"
General; Undecided; Glee Club, '14; Alpha.



JEAN M. HAMBLIN

"Charter member of the Sorority of the Curling-iron"

General; Columbia; Alpha.

LILLIAN HANDELMAN "Lil," "Billy"

"There's an art in book-keeping"

Commercial; Private Secretary; Honorable Mention Stenography I, '15; Glee Club, '15, '16; New Jersey State Shorthand Contest, '16, '17; Commercial Club, '17; Class Basketball, '16, '17.



ANNA HASTINGS

"I must conclude a serious meditation"
Home Arts; Sargent; Swimming Team, '16;
Alpha.



HARRIET E. HIGGINS "Harrie"

"Even music may be intoxicating"

General; music; P. H. S. Orchestra, '14, '15, '16, '17; Glee Club, '14, '15; Alpha.



CORA M. HOFER

"Henriette"

"It's easier for me to risk my life for a person than to be pleasant to him when I don't feel like it."

Classical; Home; Glee Club, '17; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Alpha.



WILLIAM L. HOOPER "Hoop," "Bill"

"A man sits as many risks as he runs"

General; Undecided; Captain Class Basketball, '13, '16; Baseball, '17; President B. A. A.; Football, '15, '16; Alpha.



TYREE HORN

"Moose," "Ty"

"Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing?"

Scientific; West Point; Senior Play Committee; Senior Play; Alpha.

B. RALPH JACOBS

"Ralph"

"He says little but gets far"

Classical; Rutger; Second Prize Mathematics,
'15; Alpha.

CHESTER S. WAGNER

"Ches"

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by"

General; Business; Track, '15, '16; Class Basketball, '15; P. H. S. Baseball, '17; Vice-President Omega Society; Glee Club, '15, '16; Second Babcock Prize, '16; Princeton Essay Prize, '17; Assistant Business Manager Senior Oracle; Oracle Contributors' Club, '17.

MABEL E. JONES

"More kitennish than a kitten"

Commercial; Business; Glee Club, '17; Short-hand Contest, '17; Commercial Club, '17; Alpha.





CALDWELL KING

"General"

"Named the neat by those who love him"
Classical; Princeton; Glee Club, '14-'15; Alpha,
'16-'17; Class Day Committee.



GEORGE L. KINGSLOW "Hank," "Les"

Somber and steadfast"
General; Undecided; Alpha.



MORRIS W. KLINE

"Shadow"

"With all his errors we love him still"
Commercial; Business; Baseball, '16-'17; Bas-
ketball, '15, '16; Football, '14, '15, '16; Class
Basketball, '13, '14; Class Baseball, '13
Alpha.

LEWIS W. KRINEY

"Billie"

"I was conscious of a slight insanity in
my mood"

Commercial; Business; Vice President Com-
mercial Club, '17; Senior Play; Alpha; Class
Day Committee.



EVA P. KUNTZ

"Eva"

"As silent and motionless as a duck or
floating leaf"

Classical; Montclair Normal; Deutsche Ver-
ein, '16; Gym Pageant, '19; Glee Club, '14,
'15; Omega.



FRANCIS KUNZMAN "Francoise" "Fanny"

"What delight a quiet life affords"

Classical; Business; Glee Club, '15, '16; Alpha.



MAURICE KUNZMAN "Morris," "Mo"

"I love a piano"

Classical; New York College of Dentistry;
Orchestra; Class Basketball, '15; Alpha.



ARTHUR J. KYLE

"Art"

"I am opposed to being dictated to"

Commercial; Business; P. H. S. Basketball,
'16; Captain P. H. S. Basketball, '17; P. H.
S. Football, '16; Vice-President B. A. A.;
Captain Senior Class Baseball Team;
Alpha.



MARY E. LANSDALE

"Lambstail," "Mary Elizabeth"

"Beware the fury of a patient woman"

Classical-Scientific; Cornell; Class Basketball,
'16, '17; P. H. S. Basketball, '15-'16, '16-'17;
Gym Pageant, '16; Glee Club, '14-'15; Junior
Play; Senior Play.

C. LEONARD LEWIS, JR.

"Louie"

"'Tis he; I know him by his gait"

Classical; Dartmouth; Football, '15, '16; Baseball, '16; P. H. S. Cadet Corps, '17; Minstrel Show, '12, '13, '15, '16; Oracle Reporter, '12; Glee Club, '16, '17; School Song, '17; Alpha.



KENNETH M. LINCOLN

"Abe"

"None but the brave deserves the fair"

Scientific; Business; Senior Play.

EDITH LITTLE

"Eddie"

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ither see us."

General; Undecided; Glee Club, '16; Alpha.





LOIS LOIZEAUX

"Lois"

"There is never an instant's truce between
virtue and vice"

General; Muhlenberg Hospital; Glee Club, '15,
'16, '17; Shakespeare Scenes, '16; Alpha.



IRVING D. MANLEY

"Irv"

"He sang and caroled out so clear
That men and angels might rejoice to hear"

Classical; Brown; Minstrel Show, '13, '14, '15,
'16; Swimming Team, '15; Senior Picnic
Committee; Usher, '17; Glee Club, '15, '17;
Omega.



FANNIE MANN

"Fan"

"But sure the eye of time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame"

Commercial; Business; First Prize Stenog-
raphy, '15; First Prize Book-keeping, '14;
First Prize Typewriting, '15; Glee Club, '15;
Junior Play; Bronze Medal New Jersey
State Shorthand Contest, '16; Chairman Sen-
ior Play Committee; Senior Play; Secretary
Alpha, '17; Secretary Commercial Club, '17;
Honorable Mention Amanuensis, '16; Class
Basketball, '16; Triangle Debating Team,
'17; P. H. S. Debating Team, '17; First
Place Union County Extemporaneous
Speech Writing Contest; Senior Oracle
Board; Oracle Contributors' Club, '17; Salu-
tarian.

ELIZABETH D. MANNING

"Betty"

"I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me"

General; Undecided; Glee Club, '15; Junior Play; G. A. A. Editor Oracle, '16, '17; Public Works Committee, '17; Science Exhibition, '17; Secretary Omega Society, '17.



ELIZABETH K. MARCHANT

"Bess," "Betty," "Beth"

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight"

Classical; Cornell; Assistant School Editor Oracle, '14; G. A. A. Play, '14; G. A. A. Editor, '15; Scenes from Shakespeare, '15; Gymnasium Pageant, '15; Class Basketball, '17; Christmas Committee, '17; Senior Play; Senior Oracle; Contributors' Club; Omega.



GLADYS C. MARIEN

"Glad"

"An animated puzzle"

General; Undecided; Omega.

HAZEL S. MARIEN

"Hazel"

"An animated puzzle"

General; Undecided; Omega.



KATHERINE I. McDONNELL
"Kat," "Mac"

"My enemies are worms and cool days"
Commercial; Business; Glee Club, '15; Class
Basketball, '16; Commercial Club, '17;
Omega.

PETER McDONOUGH "Pete"

"Through want of enterprise and faith,
men are what they are"
Classical; College; Track Team, '16, '17;
Omega.



HAROLD McKAY "Kay"

"Give thy thoughts no tongue"
Scientific; Business; Football, '16; Omega.



LILLIAN MERCREADY

"Lil"

"In maiden meditation, fancy free"

Commercial; Business; Glee Club, '17; Commercial Club; Oracle Reporter, '15; Omega.



WENDEL L. MILES

"Chief"

"I never asked anyone to understand me"

General; College; Omega.

COLIN MILLARD

"Millardy"

"Seldom he smiles"

Industrial Arts; Business; Stage Manager Minstrel Show, '17; Stage Manager Senior Play; Omega.





ROSETTA E. MILLER "Mowell"
"Something too much of this"
General; Business; Omega.



JOSEPHINE M. MITZ "Jo"
"Goodness is the only investment which
never fails"
Commercial; Business; Glee Club, '15; Com-
mercial Club, '17; Omega.



IRENE MOY "Moy," "Rene"
"What I have been taught, I have for-
gotten;
What I know, I have guessed"
Classical Course; P. G. Course; P. H. Basket-
ball, '14-'15; Class Basketball Team, '14-'15,
'15-'16, '16-'17; Second Prize Alumni Prize
Speaking Contest, '16; Senior Picnic Com-
mittee; Junior Play; Senior Play.

PARKER B. NEWELL

"I quietly smiled at my incessant good fortune"

Classical; Lehigh; Glee Club, '14, '15; Minstrel Show, '14, '15, '16; Junior Play; Senior Play; Track Team, '17; Omega.



MILDRED OESTERLING "Mil," "Scoop"

"Red as the rose"

General; Home; Leader Omega Debating Team; Scenes from Shakespeare, '16; Gym Pageant, '16; Deutsche Verein, '16.

ELSA PALMER

"Babe"

"The love that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies,—and lies,—and lies!"

Commercial; Swarthmore; Manager Class Basketball, '14, '15; Manager P. H. S. Basketball, '15-'16-'17; Treasurer G. A. A., '15, '16; Omega.





ADELE PATTON

"Cap'n"

"It's highly virtuous to say we'll be good,
but we can't do it all at once"

Classical; Smith; Class Basketball, '17; Senior
Play; Omega.



EMILY PIDDINGTON

"Emily"

"How can I live through all the days"

Commercial; Business; Second Prize Type-
writing, '15; Omega.



BLANCHE PIERSON

"Blanche"

"Love virtue; she alone is free"

General; Montclair Normal School.



RUTH V. PRATT

"Ruth"

"Her modest looks the cottage might
adorn"

Home Arts Course; Montclair Normal.



SAMUEL PREGER

"Sam"

"He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
Yet found them not so large as was his mind"

Classical; Rutgers; Honorable Mention Ma-
thematics, '15; Omega.

HELEN E. REIDY

"Girlie"

"I wonder what the world is doing now."

General; Montclair Normal School; Glee
Club, '15-'16.





MAXWELL RICHARDS

"Max"

"There aint no sense in gettin' riled"

Industrial Arts; Undecided; Assistant Stage Manager, '17; P. H. S. Cadet Corps; Omega.



MARY E. ROTH

"May," "Polly"

"She is gentle"

General; Montclair Normal; Gym Pageant; Glee Club, '15, '16; Omega



HAZEL M. RUNYON

"Haze"

"How calm she comes on"

General-Home Arts; Dr. Savage's School; Glee Club, '14, '15; Omega.

DORIS A. SATTELS

"Twect"

"There is something in life worth doing
besides what is forbidden"

General; New York School of Fine and Applied Arts; High School Orchestra; "Singing Skewl;" Omega.



DAISY M. SCHMIDT

"Schmidty"

"I have no one to blush with me"
General Course; Undecided.

JULIA H. SCRIBNER

"Judy"

"Love me, love my guinea pigs"
Commercial; Business; Second Craig Marsh
Prize, '14; Swimming Team, '17.





ELEANOR V. SEARING "Eleanor"

"Like the lake my serenity is rippled,
yet not ruffled"

Classical; Post-Graduate Course; College;
Gym Pageant, '16; Class Basketball, '17;
Christmas Entertainment Committee, '17;
Glee Club, '17.

FRANCIS B. SHIFF "French" "Fran"

"A modest blush she wears"

Commercial; Undecided; Commercial Club,
'17; New Jersey State Shorthand Contest,
'17; Omega.



AMELIA L. SLORAH

"Laugh not too much"

General; Montclair Normal School; Glee
Club, '13-'14; Freshman Reception Commit-
tee, '14; Commercial Club, '15.

VIRGINIA S. SMINCK "Gin," "Ginny"

"Do I view the world as a vale of tears?
Ah, reverend sir, not I."

General; Business; Class Day Committee; Honorable Mention Typewriting, '16; Class Basketball, '14, '15, '16, '17; P. H. S. Basketball, '17; Senior Play; Omega.



FRED I. SMITH "Stupes," "Smithy"

"A long and shallow one"

Scientific; Carnegie Tech.; Class Baseball, '14; Class Basketball, '16, '17; Captain, '16; P. H. S. Football, '16; Junior Play; Senior Play; Senior Ring Committee; Business Manager Senior Play; Omega Debating Team; Vice-President Omega Society; Froh-Heims Farms.



GEORGE E. SMITH "Geo"

"Stately and tall he moves"

Scientific; New York University; Class Baseball, '14; Class Basketball, '16, '17; Minstrel Show, '15, '16; Senior Play; Property Manager Senior Play; Assistant Business Manager Senior Oracle.



JOSHUA C. SMITH

"Tom"

"I am not interested in the life after death"
Commercial; Business; New Jersey Stenography Contest; Commercial Club.

RAYMOND SOMLOCK

"Ray"

"A man of great estates and farms"
Scientific; Rutgers; P. H. S. Football, '15, '16.

CORNELIA ELIZABETH SPERRY
"Betty"

"Shall I a sonnet sing you about myself"
Classical-General; Undecided; Junior Play;
Senior Play; Ring Committee, '16; Glee
Club, '17.

HAROLD W. SPICER

"Spice"

"A fine fellow though brusque"

Scientific; Iowa State University; Class Secretary, '13, '14; Leaders' Pin Committee, '13, '14; Chief Electrician, '14, '15, '16, '17; Chairman Public Works Committee, '17; Omega.



LOUIS SRAGER

"Shorty"

"Scarce reared above the earth thy tender form"

Commercial; Business; Senior Play; Omega.

PERCY M. STELLE

"Stellie"

"The fame that a man wins himself is best"

Classical; Business; First Prize Caesar, '15; First Prize Cicero, '16; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '15-'16; First Prize Stenography I, '16; Baseball Manager, '16; Editor-in-Chief Oracle, '16-'17; Secretary Council, '16-'17; Senior Class Treasurer; Leader Triangle Debating Team, '17; Editor-in-Chief Senior Oracle; Omega; Valedictorian.





KATHRYN A. STEVENS
"Kat," "Katty," "Steve"

"How I love to talk! By George, I could talk all day."

General; Scudder School; Scenes from Shakespeare, '14; Christmas Committee, '17.



PAULINE STEWART

“Polly”

"Red as a rose is she"

General; Undecided; Glee Club, '15.



MARJORIE A. STORR

“Peggy”

"I have lived long enough"

Home Arts; Undecided; Omega.

MARGARET WINTER

"Not saying much though she is thinking
all the time"

Commercial; Business; Oracle Contributors'
Club.



GENEVIEVE SWEENEY

"Jack"

"What I lack in stature I make up in noise"

Classical; Oberlin; Christmas Committee, '14;
Oracle Contributors' Club, '17; Sewing Unit,
'17; Hiking Club, '17.



MARY S. THOMAE

"Mary"

"Housework is a pleasant pastime"

General; Undecided; Glee Club, '15, '16.



HARVEY K. THORN

"Pop"

"Strange to the world, he bore a bashful
look"

Commercial; Business; B. A. A. Minstrels,
'15; '16; Commercial Club.

J. CALVIN TILDEN

"Cal"

"His father expounded the Scriptures to
him till he was eight, when he began to
expound them to his father."

Classical; College; Omega.



THEODOSIA V. VAIL

"Theo"

"Is she not passing fair?"

Commercial; Business; Glee Club, '15; Com-
mercial Club, '15, '16, '17; Gym Pageant, '16.

CHARLES T. TODD "Chirls"

"If music be the food of love, play on"

Classical; Rutgers; Scenes from Shakespeare, '16; Minstrel Show, '15; P. H. S. Usher, '16, '17; Honorable Mention W. C. T. U. Prize, '16; Omega Debating Team, '17; P. H. S. Debating Team, '17; Triangle Debating Team, '17; Third Prize Union County Prize Speaking Contest, '17; President Omega.

CHARLES A. CORBIN "Charles"

"For him no minstrel raptures swell"

Commercial; Business; Alpha.

RALPH JOHNSON "Ralph"

"A kind and gentle heart he had"

Classical-Scientific; College; Alpha.

MARCELLA M. COUGHLAN "Babe"

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

Commercial; Business; Alpha.

Class History

FRESHMAN YEAR

Do you know as I looked over this crowd of classmates tonight, I could hardly realize that it was the same bunch that answered the registration call and went into training in this great camp almost four years ago. Then we weren't exactly infantry, but most of us were not much more than infants. Why that was even before Horace Bunker's time. Say, Pete, what do you remember about our day in the recruit squad?

Well, of course, they only let us in the school in the afternoon from one till four. I guess the upper classmen were so thick the faculty thought they'd contaminate us if we came into contact with them. Anyhow the new building was on its way, and we never met till the last day of school. On the whole it was rather an uneventful year.

Uneventful, what do you mean? Don't you remember the fire? That was one place where we got ahead of the Seniors, even if one of them did spray us with a fire extinguisher.

I suppose he thought it would bleach some of the green out of us.

It seems to me, though, that about the biggest thing we did that year was to walk off with the inter-class basketball championship.

Did the upper school give us a reception that year?

No, but what's the use of scrapping about that now? We returned good for evil and gave 1918 a glorious welcome, so let's leave Freshman days behind.

SOPHOMORE YEAR

In the Sophomore year, when I got past the skirmish line in the office, I felt so much like studying that about all I remember is what happened in the class room, and to tell the truth, I don't remember much of that.

My memory is a little hazy in regard to that year, too, but I do know that we still held the basketball championship, and that Daniels made the football and track team, while Kyle landed a place on the nine.

JUNIOR YEAR

Oh, but I tell you, the Junior Year was the year in which we began to get good.

Sure, do you remember Franke and Manley in the Minstrel Show?

Remember, the question is, could I ever forget it?

We had a bunch of fellows make football that year, too. Let's see. Smith, Daniels, Hooper, Somlock, Berrien, Geary and Pennock.

Some faculty Berrien used to have for getting knocked out. Every game, regular as clockwork.

To be frank, the only thing I regret about last year is that we let the Seniors beat us in the scrap at Christmas.

Well, that's all they ever did beat us at.

You said it, we still held that basketball championship.

And when it came to dramatics, didn't we put the "Sleeping Car" and "A Proposal Under Difficulties" on the map. Well, I guess.

And the Shakespeare celebration.

Ha, ha, I'll bet till my dying day I'll see "Bunk" prancing around the stage with bare legs and a brown kimono.

Yes, and Dunavan, Zeek, Jacobs and all the rest cavorting at his heels. Say, to hear us talk you would think we were all boys in this class.

That's so, how about it girls, what have you done?

We couldn't get a word in edgewise, you're so conceited.

That year we won the girls' championship in basketball, and on the school team we had Mary Lansdale, Elsa Palmer and Dorothy Butler.

We had a swimming team that year, too.

Yes, indeed, Emilie, don't we know it.

I remember the whole school was going to turn out for that meet, but we were politely informed, no admittance.

SENIOR YEAR

Shades of Banquo's Ghost, them was the happy days.

The first big step we took that year was to make Horace Bunker and Emilie White, president and vice-president, and Hazel Coddington and Percy Stelle, secretary and treasurer.

Do you remember the way that Pete Alpaugh got away with those stale jokes in the Minstrel Show?

The jokes may have been stale, but as Case and Crone, our other end men, said: (If the audience wouldn't laugh at the jokes of the age they would laugh at the age of the jokes.)

A good number of the men on the football team wore our classy new rings, and for a football team that was a hummer. Kline, Somlock, Geary, Daniels, Berrien, Smith, Hooper and Alpaugh—8 out of 11.

And basketball, well Kyle, Coudray, Kline and Alpaugh were the boys that could trim North Plainfield.

We certainly had a grand and glorious time at Christmas that year. Do you remember the rough house? Give us credit for making a strategic retreat from that two to one mob of howling, kicking Juniors. I guess the tug-of-war got their goat, though.

They may have come out ahead that night, but what good did it do them? We had them all in court next day, won every case and had a good feed in the bargain.

Oh, and what work it was to put our banner on the flagpole on the night of the rush.

Yes, had the searchlights all turned upon it, and then the fog was so thick you couldn't even see it.

When all is said and done, it's our Senior Play, "Monsieur Perrichon's Journey," that we will be remembered by. Horace as Perrichon, father of a family, and Caryl and Fred as Daniel and Armand, not to mention Fanny as Madame Perrichon and Cora as Henrietta.

Time's short, and I guess we had better hurry.

Well, there were the debating teams, with Dunavan, Todd, Mann, Bunker, Carter and Stelle as orators, with the first three bringing home medals for prize speaking.

Yes, and the splendid scholarship records of Percy Stelle and Fanny Mann, our valedictorian and salutatorian.

And don't forget all the people we had on the Oracle Board—two Editors-in-Chief, Stelle and Bunker.

Sure enough and here we are, one hundred and twenty strong, ready for the greater battle. Three cheers for the school that trained us.

CARYL C. DUNAVAN.

Class Officers



HORACE E. BUNKER, JR.,
President.



EMILIE WHITE,
Vice-President.



HAZEL CODDINGTON,
Secretary.



PERCY M. STELLE,
Treasurer.

Opening Song

(To the tune of "Home Again.")

Nineteen-twenty, full and plenty
 May be rewards of your work in this school.
 Study and play, in the right way,
 Until at last you must leave its kind rule.

CHORUS

Plainfield High, our dear old Plainfield High,
 We know that you are the best school on the globe,
 We are wise and we sure use our eyes;
 We've never seen one compare with you, no matter where,
 For you're our Alma Mater, you're the school we love.
 We'll always remember our days with you,
 The other schools may try with you to vie,
 But to you we'll be true.

Chorus.

Nineteen-nineteen, Nineteen-nineteen,
 Our sister class must live up to your name,
 Be strong and true, kind-hearted too,
 And we'll be proud to look back on your fame.

Chorus.

Nineteen-eighteen, Nineteen-eighteen,
 Give the best life you can to Plainfield High.
 You'll not forget, nor yet regret,
 These wonderful days as the years go by.

Chorus.

Dear Faculty, we now leave thee,
 To struggle hard with the classes so dumb.
 We wish you luck, the best of luck
 In many trials that will surely come.

Chorus.

HORACE BUNKER.

Closing Song

(To the tune of "Naughty, Naughty.")
 Oh, High School, Oh, High School,
 We've got to leave you,
 Our time to part has come—
 And as we start on our great world-wide quest,
 With cares, troubles, hardships and toil and the rest,
 Please don't forget us who leave you today,
 Think of the Seniors who say:

CHORUS

You're the finest High School,
 Dear P. H. S., Dear P. H. S.,
 Now we have to leave your walls,
 For the great outside world calls.
 Tho' we're going far, far away,
 We're coming back again to see you some day,
 And to the dear old colors, red and blue,
 We'll never, never fail to be true.

Oh, Eighteen, Oh, Juniors—
 You'll soon be Seniors,
 With all the fame and "pull;"
 And if you're late for that grim Latin Class,
 Don't let them send you way back for a pass;
 Remember old '17, her blue and her white,
 Stand up and fight for your right.

Chorus.

Oh, see them—please see them,
 The gay young Sophomores,
 Who strive to look so wise;
 Don't look so happy, care-free and sublime,
 You'll have your "comedown" at gay Christmas time;
 They'll not forget you, no, not this year,
 You'll get your stings "never fear."

Chorus.

Forget not—forget not
 The baby Freshmen,
 With all their cunning ways;
 '18 you watch them—don't let them shirk,
 You'll have to teach them the right way to work,
 And if they ever attain "grown up" ways,
 We will feel sure that talk pays.

Chorus.

Just once more—just once more,
 Good-bye our teachers,
 And Alma Mater, dear;
 If they abuse you and don't use you right,
 We'll come right back here, right into the fight,
 When we are weary and weak from the fray,
 Once more we'll rally and say:

Chorus.

MILDRED CLARK.

SENIOR PLAY PICTURES



ACT I.



ACT IV.

Monsieur Perrichon's Journey

This year the Senior Class departed from the usual custom of giving some English play, and presented "Monsieur Perrichon's Journey," a French play by Mesieurs Labiche and Martin, which was translated by Mr. Hubbard.

Probably this is the first time "Monsieur Perrichon's Journey" has been acted in the United States, and from the comment made by everybody the play was a decided success.

The leading part of Monsieur Perrichon, a retired French carriage manufacturer, who was constantly getting into trouble, was taken excellently by Horace Bunker. Every time he spoke or moved the audience shook with laughter.

Fannie Mann made a dignified Madame Perrichon, and is to be commended for the skill with which she managed her absent-minded husband.

As Henrietta, the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Perrichon, Cora Hofer made a charming "blonde," who captivated the audience as well as her two suitors.

Caryl Dunavan and Fred Smith, as the suitors, Daniel Savary and Armand Desroches, kept everybody guessing as to which of them would win out in the "tournament."

Burnham Carter was a fiery major of the Second Zouaves, while Edward Crone took the part of Majorin, a clerk, who was always on "a leave of absence for militia duty."

Adele Patton, as Jeanne, the maid, delighted the audience with her French accent.

The other characters were: Mary Lansdale, Innkeeper; George Smith, Ticket Agent; Louis Srager, Porter; Kenneth Lincoln, the Major's Servant; Benjamin Feldman, another Porter; Tyree Horn, Book Agent, and Elsa Palmer, flower Girl. The travelers were: Irene Moy, Elizabeth Merchant, Lois Goetter, Virginia Sminck, Emilie White, Lewis Kriney and Parker Newell.

Many thanks are due to Mr. Hubbard for his work and suggestions; to Mr. Biddle, who was always so patient with us in his coaching, and to all the friends of '17 who helped in any manner.

Senior Class Statistics

Most Popular Emilie White Horace Bunker	Biggest Eater Virginia Sminck William Hooper	Most Happy-go-Lucky Virginia Sminck Fred Smith
Done Most for P. H. S. Elsa Palmer DeWitt Swackhamer	Biggest Blusher Alice Brick Lewis Kriney	Best NATURED Elizabeth Manning DeWitt Swackhamer
Most Class Spirit Hazel Coddington Horace Bunker	Best Actress Fanny Mann	Biggest Bluffer Rose Clark Everett Case
Most Executive Ability Hazel Coddington Percy Stelle	Best Actor Horace Bunker	Biggest Giggler Rose Clark Irving Manly
Most Studious Fanny Mann Percy Stelle	Most Womanly Lillian Mercready	Most Patriotic Juliet Chamberlain Clinton Berrien
Cutest Mildred Clark Chester Alpaugh	Most Manly Juan Babcock	Most Generous Virginia Sminck George Smith
Best Dancer Emilie White Leonard Lewis	Most Athletic Elsa Palmer Arthur Kyle	Most Energetic Mary Lansdale Ralph Johnson
Most Likely to Succeed Mary Bicknell Ralph Jacobs	Most Dignified Eleanor Case Harold Spicer	Class Poet Adele Patton Burnham Carter
Most Likely to Marry Florence Alpaugh Burnham Carter	Orators Irene Moy Caryl Dunavan	Best All Around Elsa Palmer Horace Bunker
Faculty Joy Fanny Mann Percy Stelle	Prettiest Girl Mildred Clark	Man's Lady Emilie White
Faculty Torment Florence Alpaugh Fred Smith	Handsomest Boy Leonard Lewis	Lady's Man Leonard Lewis
	Best Dressed Hazel Coddington Everett Case	Biggest Talker Kathryn Stevens Edward Crone
	Class Baby Lydia Haight Irving Manly	

Latest News in the Future AS TOLD BY THE FUTUROGRAPH

SHELDON COUDRAY—“Shelley” has just completed a five-year course at Lafayette, and while there he won his “L” playing baseball. The uniforms that they use at Lafayette since “Polack” became prominent have always been entirely “White.” He will now take a Post-Graduate course at Michigan and attempt to win his “M.”

KATHRYN STEVENS—Kathryn has made a name for herself at Scudder by useless talk, rising “Earl” (y) and “Collin” everyone lazy. In a recent interview she stated that her life work would be to make Asbury Park conventional and stop flirting on the boardwalk.

FLORENCE ALPAUGH—“Flo” has made a specialty of cooking, but now she is discouraged, because she says that whenever she makes cakes she’ll always “Burnham.” She might take up singing as a vocation, but even at that the manager is apt to “Carter” off the platform.

ELEANOR CASE—Eleanor has graduated from Wellesley with all possible honors, and is now teaching Botany on the estate of a well-known “Earl.”

LOIS GOETTER—With the years Lois’ patriotism has become more and more pronounced. Nowadays you will often find her at Madison Square, harranguing the crowd and screeching, “I’m for America and ‘F’red,” white and blue.”

HORACE BUNKER—Horace is now an officer in the Navy, where he is invaluable during a battle, because when the watch-towers are shot away, he commands a good view of the enemy from his exalted position.

CARYL DUNAVAN—The “Holy” Farm has lost one of its most valuable assistants, for Caryl has gone to make a name for himself as a debator—his main strength lies in his briefness.

BURNHAM CARTER—Our former classmate has just been appointed to "The Board of the Nations" to enforce peace. The meeting will be held at "Florence." We have just discovered that his famous poems on war were written during his school years.

EVERETT CASE—After an extensive education, "Casey" is learning the rudiments of the banking profession as office-boy in the office of his father's bank, although a good position has been offered him in the "White" Trust Company.

ROSE CLARK—There is an old saying that it takes children to amuse children, and that accounts for Rose's present occupation as directress of children's parties—a high and mighty position.

CALDWELL KING—This young man, "General," has spent a number of his vacations dreaming that he was an aviator and that the President had decorated him with many honors. While falling through an air pocket he awoke to find himself in Princeton studying Chemistry. He has now gained control of the Chemical market, and he was "called well" when he was called "King."

VIRGINIA SMINCK—"Jinny" has just won a new typewriter as proof of her prowess in that calling. The position that she holds at present is rather "Crummey," but an opportunity is opening for her in a concern where, it is said, "She will take charge of Keys."

KATHERINE McDONNELL—"Cat Mac" has an extraordinary menagerie of spiders. Her great love for these creatures has led her to train them to do stunts for her many admirers.

DEWITT SWACKHAMER—"Shine," instead of settling down in Duncellen and becoming a farmer, as we all expected (?), took to the automobile industry and has gone to "Augusta" as chief engineer of the "Allen" Motor Car Co.

FANNIE MANN—The latest election returns have just told us that Fannie Mann has been elected a representative to Congress from the State of N.J. She will take her place as the second woman elected to that honored body.

MOSES GLASSER—After leaving the Plainfield High School, Moses, in response to "The Back to the Farm" movement, showed his home his back, and after struggling four years at Rutgers with hyperbolic transcendental functions flavored with a little integral calculus, he came out a tried mathematician—bald-headed.

JUAN BABCOCK—Juan, after he left the Froh-Heim Farms, organized the “Bean Hole Manufacturing Co.,” and lived up to his initial purpose of supplying campers, especially Mr. Beers and Mr. Woodman, with “Bean Holes.”

ELSA PALMER—“Babe” has at last finished her course at College, where she took every conceivable subject that any human being could think of. It is supposed that now she will go into the business-world and preside over the offices of an old “Crone’y of hers.

PERCY STELLE—Our renowned class-mate, after leaving school, has been hanging around all the free receptions, making excellent use of the refreshments. Each time he succeeds in stowing away from eight to ten dishes of ice cream. We think he ought to go into the business with Beers and “Woody” and assuage his appetite.

LEWIS KRINEY—Deep down in his heart Lewis admires the ladies, although you would never know it. Cheer up when you’re in trouble, Lewis, you can always go over to McDonnell’s and receive some kind of consolation from their “Kat.”

EMILIE WHITE—This diminutive little Senior has at last gained three pounds. Her method is as follows: One four-cent bottle of milk with each meal, followed by two large dill pickles. As a result of lessons in Mr. Beer’s Motor Unit we are happy to say that she can now successfully pass a traffic post when driving her father’s car.

IRENE MOY—Irene’s latest fad is a craze for making pottery, because “Clay” seems to be quite abundant in the vicinity of her home. She will continue her studies at Pratt. Her masterpiece will be a life-size bronze statue of Jack Schoelle, debating for the enjoyment of the school.

ELIZABETH MARCHANT—Bess is now living in a beautiful “Forrest.” She is engaged in the poultry business.

WILLIAM HOOPER—Bill’s wonderful work with the High School baseball team attracted the attention of Manager McGraw of the Giants. While working at the winter camp he applied the principles that he learned in Physics, and invented a machine that would catch all flies within a radius of fifty yards and throw them to first base with deadly accuracy. This made him a popular hero, and all went well until it so happened that in the closing game of the World’s Series there was a man on third. The batter flied to right, Bill’s invention threw to first, the man on third scored, and the pennant was lost. That was the end of Bill.

HAZEL CODDINGTON—Those visits that Hazel used to make to the Froh-Heim Farm seemed to stimulate in her a desire to become an agriculturist. She studied with that aim in view, and is at present proprietor of a large farm on the side of the Watchung Mountains.

MILDRED CLARK—"Mid" has followed in the footsteps of another M. Clark, a certain Marguerite of the movies. Her success has been phenomenal, and the realness of her portrayals has led even the P.H.S. faculty to admit that the movies are an education. A popularity contest was held not long since in which she was easily winner. Amherst graduates of 1920 seem to be her most enthusiastic supporters.

JULIET CHAMBERLAIN—All of you have seen those large, beautifully colored advertisements of Overland automobiles in the center pages of our large magazines. One day the Overland artist saw Juliet in father's Overland, and since then that pretty, happy-looking motorist on the magazine cover is Juliet Chamberlain.

CLINTON BERRIEN—Buryin' never was in our line, but "Clint" has kept the grave diggers busy since he went off to the war. He has been wounded once and gassed twice, which, we suppose, was due to the circumstances in which he was placed. The War Department has just made him a colonel of cavalry.

RALPH JOHNSON—Ralph's business ability was always apparent. From the days at Froh-Heim, when he sold candy over the counter at a nickel a bar, two for eleven cents, we knew that he would become rich. In the outside world he bought up a new kind of soap which he started to manufacture. Now he is rich, and whenever his name is mentioned one thinks of "Cleanswell Soap."

CORA HOFER—Henrietta has left off forever that guise of blondness, and is now that dark lady of which the fortune teller remarks. After much indecision she has determined to spell her name "Corie," after the fashion set by Emilie and Fannie. The chances are that the three names will all be in "Who's Who" some day.

ARTHUR KYLE—Didn't you think that "Art" was destined for the major league? We did. However, such was not the case. He took to aeroplaning, and now, well is there any air trick he can't do. The other day, when some of the 1917 grads were crossing on the ferry, we saw him racing three sea gulls. They suddenly wheeled, and he turned a somersault and beat them to the goal flying upside down. Can you beat it?

ELMER BRANDT—Things that never happen. Series 52,429. Axel is deeply in love.

AUGUST FRANKE—August is now singing in grand opera. While giving a recital at Bound Brook he attracted the attention of the manager of Oshkosh Opera House and was given a position. He requests that all mail be directed "Signor August Franke."

LEONARD LEWIS—This handsome, debonaire and sinister youth went into the movies. He was idle even at High School, but not half the idol he became when his fair face appeared on the screen.

FRED SMITH—Each day brings new hopes, new plans, and true to his old habits, Fred is today going to join the navy, tomorrow on the point of crossing the continent, and the next day going to leave for China. However, in spite of this variety he is doing very well in life. At present he is seeking a stenographer, and no doubt he will Goetter. On the whole he is the same old Fred, happy-go-lucky, good-hearted and well-liked by all.

DOROTHY BUTLER—"Dot," shortly after the close of school, became famous as the woman with a thousand Cats. These furry and fitful pets will continue to delight her with their music at night till one of them, in a fit of rage at finding his milk diluted, shall electrocute her from the electricity on his back.

PARKER NEWELL—Parker joined the U. S. Army as a lieutenant, but later was court-martialed for attacking a herd of prize cows at night with his battalion, thinking they were the enemy. He will die uttering the well-known expression, "Pass the beans."

ADELE PATTON—Adele had already become famous as being able to speak without sound when she graduated. More fame stood waiting this demure young maiden as soon as she left High School. Her poems were accepted, first by the Greenbrook Gazette, then by the Bound Brook Chronicle, the Red Book, the Cosmopolitan, and so on until at the last that criterion of all magazines, The Oracle, has consented to publish a collection of her poetry written since High School days.

EDWARD CRONE—Winner of the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Eddie Crone. He who took his first lessons in Mr. Beer's Motor Unit, and proudly procured a license to drive a Ford at the close of his Senior year, is now renowned as the fastest and most reckless driver on the continent.

TYREE HORN—"Ty" intended to go to West Point, but because of his scientific knowledge, was transferred to a submarine. There he was very successful until one day, on hearing a dogfish bark, a wild desire for fishing took possession of him, and he opened the hatchway to indulge the passion, which let in the water and drowned the crew.

IRVING MANLEY—"Irv" has made a hit in vaudeville as the man soprano. You can hear him at the Plainfield Theater next week.

CHESTER ALPAUGH—Pete left for the mosquito fleet after graduation, and being a native of New Jersey, knew exactly how and when to bite. After serving for two years he was made Captain of a speed craft and proved the undoing of many a U-boat. At the end of the war he became interested in Latin research, and having developed that aptitude for study which was so apparent in his High School course, to its greatest extent, is now famous for his translation of the works of Cicero, now used as a trot by all industrious High School pupils.

Award of Prizes, 1917

MATHEMATICS

The Dr. C. H. Stillman Prize, given by Mr. Wm. M. Stillman.

First Prize—\$15.00 in gold: John Fawcett.

Second Prize—\$10.00 in gold: Fannie Mann.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION

1. The George H. Babcock Prize, given by Mr. George L. Babcock, to the pupils of the three upper classes writing the best compositions.

First Prize—\$15.00 in books, chosen by the receiver of the prize: Adele C. Patton.

Second Prize—\$10.00 in books, chosen by the receiver of the prize: Burnham Carter, Margaret Hanson.

Honorable Mention: Irene Moy, Percy M. Stelle.

2. The Craig A. Marsh Prize, given by Mrs. O. T. Waring to the pupils of the Freshman Class writing the best compositions.

First Prize—\$10.00 in gold: Harry Stevens.

Second Prize—\$5.00 in gold: Ranger Tyler.

Honorable Mention—Katherine Brennan, Hamilton Wilmerding.

3. The W. C. T. U. Prize, for the best essay on a given topic.

Prize, \$5.00 in gold: Percy M. Stelle.

Honorable Mention: Juliet R. Chamberlain.

4. The Courier-News Prize, for the best essay on a topic relating to municipal affairs, written by a member of the Senior Class.

Prize—\$10.00 in gold: Horace E. Bunker, Jr.

Honorable Mention: Hazel A. Coddington.

TRANSLATION PRIZES

Given by Mr. Alexander Gilbert. For the best sight translation of assigned passages, a first prize of three dollars, and a second prize of two dollars, expended in books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

1. VIRGIL.

First Prize: Burnham Carter.

Second Prize: Samuel Preger.

2. CICERO.

First Prize: Margaret Mets.

Second Prize: Hope Angleman.

Honorable Mention: Margaret Hanson.

4. CAESAR.

First prize: Katherine Holt.

Second Prize: Walter Silbert.

COMMERCIAL PRIZES

Given by Mr. Ernest R. Ackerman. A first prize of three dollars and a second prize of two dollars expended in the purchase of books chosen by the receiver of the prize.

1. AMANUENSIS.

First Prize: Fannie Mann.

Second Prize: Lillian Handelman.

2. STENOGRAPHY I.

First Prize: Elizabeth Hicks, Jessie Craig.

Second Prize: Constance Durrant.

Honorable Mention: Katherine Endress.

3. BOOKKEEPING I.

First Prize: Marie Enander.

Second Prize: Beatrice Maxwell.

Honorable Mention: Jessie D. Ross.

4. TYPEWRITING I.

First Prize: Flora Zeek.

Second Prize: George Hipp.

Honorable Mention: Jessie Craig, Winifred Eaton, Caroline Dorman, George Enk.

Senior Court Session

The Christmas exercises as given by the Class of 1917 were more than enjoyable for the school and especially for the Juniors. The piano struck up and one hundred and twenty lusty Senior voices began:

"There's a little bit of bad in every Junior,
They're not to blame.
They're young and thick, can't hurt them with a brick,
It really is a shame.
They do their lessons Sunday,
And then they flunk on Monday.
There's a little bit of bad in every Junior,
They're all the same."

During the singing of this appropriate song the curtains parted, revealing a court room scene. At one end presided Judge Bunker, in black gown and white wig. He sat at the usual high desk and held a large mallet, which proved effective in restoring order at times. Policewomen White and Lansdale and Policemen Horn and Geary conducted the guilty Juniors one by one to the prisoner's box. The overwhelming evidence against the culprits was presented by Lawyers Smith, Stelle, Dunavan and Alpaugh. The attorney for the defense failed to be present, knowing, doubtless, that to attempt to defend such criminals was useless. Clerk Case read the charges, and all parts of court procedure were carefully recorded by Official Stenographers Palmer, Mann and Stevens. Strange to say the jury, through Foreman Crone, brought always the verdict guilty; but perhaps that was to be expected in such a disreputable class. Judge Bunker, with great dignity, pronounced fitting sentences in each case, and the humiliated Junior left the stage to return to the pitying ranks of his classmates. The court adjourned after making the following demand in their closing song:

"Give us food, appease our hunger,
Just let us dance till we cave in.
Let us eat, drink and be merry,
For today that is no sin.
Juniors, all, take our example,
And our injunctions surely heed;
Take your seat, watch us eat,
Down at the Senior Feed."

To their credit, be it said, that the Juniors provided a splendid feed and dance, which the Seniors considered an excellent way for 1918 to prove their repentance.

Things Not Worth Knowing

Seven Chances	Adele Patton
You're in Love.....	Irene Moy
Within the Law.....	In the Library
Oh! Boy.....	Florence Alpaugh
Bosom Friends.....	Caryl Dunavan—Horace Bunker
Nothing But the Truth	Everett N. Case
The Music Master	Mr. Lewis
The Brat	?
His Little Widows.....	Elsa Palmer—Emilie White
Getting Married.....	Florence Alpaugh—Burnham Carter
The Passing Show of 1917.....	Class of '17
The Wanderer.....	Harold Spicer
The Show of Wonders.....	Senior Play
Carmen.....	H. Coddington, E. White, J. Chamberlain
Out There.....	Bernardsville Farm
Seventeen	Burnham Carter
In Again—Out Again.....	Fred Smith
The Lamb	Caldwell King
The Pride of the Clan.....	Horace Bunker—Emilie White
The Highwayman.....	Sheldon Coudray
Her Soldier Boy.....	Clinton Berrien
The Professor's Love Story.....	Mr. Biddle
Still Waters	The Swimming Pool
Hulda from Holland.....	Daisy Schmidt
Pollyanna	Virginia Sminck
The Crisis.....	Senior Exams
The Whip.....	Mr. Best
Very Good Eddie	Edward Crone
Have a Heart.....	Miss Moore
Third Floor Back	Delinquent Hour
Bought and Paid For	Oracle Subscriptions (?!?)
Fifty-four-forty or Fight.....	Lunch Counter Line
On Trial	Juniors at Christmas
Our Betters	There are None
Midnight Frolics	Senior Picnic

Senior Picnic

In spite of the warnings of Jupiter Pluvius the day before, the date for the Senior Jubilee, alias class picnic, proved to be a good one, and at three o'clock a gorgeous, glittering galaxy of gregariously gay Seniors started up the steep ascent (no, not to Heaven, but to Washington Rock). The trolley aided us half the way, but for the rest of the journey we tested the reliability of Plainfield's shoe stores.

We did not lack the proverbial picnic appetite, and upon arriving at the summit ate of the food we had brought till even the little squirrels perceived the uselessness of watching for the scraps. Afterwards we told stories by the cheerful flame of a camp fire till the mountains and trees beyond the circle of glowing red faded into the blackness, and the only visible object was the gleam of the moon upon the polished surface of Mr. Hauck's head.

Then we sang the rollicking songs that everybody knows till we made Washington Rock with the vibrations. Then for the benefit of Chester Alpaugh we sang such melodies as "Bonnie Mary."

There was some slight excitement due to the fact that one of the girls thought she heard a bear grumble, but it turned out to be night falling.

After the tumult had subsided, we listened to Horace Bunker, Mr. Best and other members of the faculty; and then, as we were afraid lest the day should break over our heads, we sadly hitched our wagon to a star and drove home.

Some of the teachers were shocked at hearing a cro-cus and seeing a cow-slip; but eventually the dim outlines of Plainfield's Great White Way was reached and the Great Divide (Dunellen-Plainfield) was left behind us.

B. CARTER and E. CRONE.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 1917, being of sound mind and unfaltering judgment, do hereby make and proclaim this to be our last will and testament, to be executed according to the provisions herein provided:

To the school at large and as a whole we give:

First—Those bicycle sheds which descended to us after so many generations of hard wear.

Second—The Cadet Corps, which members of our class organized.

Third—The enjoyment of a long study period in Thursday morning assembly.

Fourth—The right to gaze admiringly at the picture of our class, which hangs in the front corridor.

Fifth—The pleasure of hearing Mr. Beers give his lecture on Mr. Woodman and Other Wild Animals of the Maine Woods.

Last—The Lunch Counter in all its glory.

Upon that honored body, the faculty, we bestow:

First—The vain task of producing another scholastic record like that of our valedictorian, Percy Stelle.

Second—The right to come to school without signing in the office book.

Third—To Miss Moore, the memory of our promptness at assembly and at all recitations.

Fourth—To Mr. Biddle, the right to love, honor and OBEY that sweet little wife we allowed him to marry during our Senior year.

To the Class of 1918 we give with pleasure:

First—The front seats in chapel.

Second—Those blessed Literary Societies.

Third—The memory of “Monsieur Perrichon’s Journey” as an ideal of what a Senior play should be.

Fourth—The room scene on the stage for everlasting use.

Last—Our greatest prize, Mr. Hubbard, for a faculty advisor.

To the Class of 1919:

First—All the joys of Christmas.

Second—The duty of keeping the trophy cups in the library as bright as we kept them.

Third—An entrance into the dramatic world.

Fourth—The problem of producing another Mann like Fanny.

Last—A future.

To the Class of 1920 we bequeath:

First—Recognition as human beings.

Second—An opportunity to live up to their new name, which means Wise Fools.

Third—The Privilege of eating all the turnips raised by their members at the Froh-Heim Farms.

Last—The right to use the Franklin School playground.

To the incoming Class of 1921:

First—Our welcome.

Second—Our Class colors, Blue and White.

Third—Our example.

Last—Our best wishes.

In witness whereof, this twentieth day of June, the year of our Lord, nineteen-hundred-seventeen, the independence of the United States one-hundred-forty-one, in the Plainfield High School, Plainfield, Union County, New Jersey, United States of America, Western Hemisphere, Earth, Solar System, we have caused to be affixed our Class seal, this will to become effective September, 1917

CLASS OF 1917.

Witnesses:

HAMLET'S DAGGER,

MACBETH'S CONSCIENCE,

BANQUO'S GHOST.

Attorney,

PAPA JOFFRE.

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